

L'ALLEGRO,

ED

IL PENSEROSO.

By M I L T O N. *K*

And a Song for St. *CECILIA*'s Day.

By *D R Y D E N.*

Set to Musick by GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.



L O N D O N :

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[Price One Shilling.]

FALFERO

ALPENSERO

ALPENSERO

ALPENSERO





L' A L L E G R O,

E D

I L P E N S E R O S O.

P A R T *the* F I R S T.

R E C I T A T I V E *accompany'd.*

L' A L L E G R O.

HENCE! loathed Melancholy,
Of *Cerberus*, and blackest Midnight born,
In *Stygian* Cave forlorn,
Mongst horrid Shapes, and Shrieks, and Sights unholy!
Find out some uncouth Cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous Wings,
And the Night-Raven sings:

A 2

There,

There, under Ebon Shades, and low-brow'd Rocks,
As ragged as thy Locks,
In dark *Cimmerian* Desert ever dwell.

R E C I T A T I V E, *accompany'd.*

Il Pen. Hence ! vain deluding Joys,
Dwell in some idle Brain,
And Fancies fond with gaudy Shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay Motes that People the Sun-beams ;
Or likest hovering Dreams,
The fickle Pensioners of *Morpheus'* Train.

A I R.

L'All. Come, thou Goddess, fair and free,
In Heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne ;
And by Men Heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a Birth,
With two Sister-Graces more,
To Ivy-crowned Bacchus bore.

A I R.

Il Pen. Come rather, Goddess, sage and holy ;
Hail, divinest Melancholy !
Whose Saintly Visage is too bright
To hit the Sense of Human Sight ;
Thee bright-hair'd Vesta long of Yore,
To solitary Saturn bore.

A I R.

A I R.

L'All. *Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity;
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's Cheek,
And love to live in Dimple sleek;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides;
And Laughter, holding both his Sides.*

C H O R U S.

*Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee,
Jest, and youthful Jollity;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides;
And Laughter, holding both his Sides.*

A I R.

*Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastick Toe.*

C H O R U S.

*Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastick Toe.*

R E C I T A T I V E, accompany'd.

*Il Pen. Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, stedfast, and demure;
All in a Robe of darkeſt Grain
Flowing with majestick Train.*

A I R.

A I R.

*Come, but keep thy wonted State
With even Step, and musing Gait;
And Looks commercing with the Skies,
Thy rapt Soul sitting in thine Eyes.*

C H O R U S.

*Join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft' with Gods doth diet.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

*L'All. Hence loathed Melancholy!
In dark Cimmerian Desert ever dwell.
But haste thee, Mirth, and bring with thee
The Mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty.
And if I give thee Honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy Crew.*

A I R.

*Mirth, admit me of thy Crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprieved Pleasures free:
To hear the Lark begin his Flight,
And singing startle the dull Night:
Then to come in spite of Sorrow,
And at my Window bid Good-morrow.*

R E C I -

RECITATIVE.

Il Pen. First, and chief, on golden Wing,
 The Cherub *Contemplation* bring;
 And the mute *Silence* hift along,
 'Lefs *Philomel* will deign a Song;
 In her sweetest, saddest Plight,
 Smoothing the rugged Brow of Night.

A I R.

*Sweet Bird, that sbun'st the Noise of Folly,
 Most musical, most melancholy!
 Thee, Chauntress, oft' the Woods among,
 I woo, to hear thy Even-Song.*

RECITATIVE.

L'All. If I give thee Honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy Crew.

A I R.

*Mirth, admit me of thy Crew,
 To listen how the Hounds and Horn
 Chearly rouze the slumb'ring Morn,
 From the Side of some boar Hill,
 Thro' the high Wood echoing shrill.*

A I R.

A I R.

Il Pen. *Ofi' on a Plat of rising Ground
I hear the far-off Curfeu sound,
Over some wide-water'd Shore,
Swinging slow, with sullen Roar:
Or if the Air will not permit,
Some still removed Place will fit,
Where glowing Embers, through the Room,
Teach Light to counterfeit a Gloom.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

*L'All. If I give thee Honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy Crew.*

A I R.

*Let me wander, not unseen
By Hedge-row Elms, on Hillocks green,
There the Ploughman near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd Land;
And the Milkmaid singeth blithe;
And the Mower whets his Scythe;
And every Shepherd tells his Tale
Under the Hawthorn, in the Dale.*

A I R.

A I R.

*Or let the merry Bells ring round,
And the jocund Rebecks sound
To many a Youth, and many a Maid,
Dancing in the checker'd Shade.*

C H O R U S.

*And Young and Old come forth to play,
On a Sunshine Holiday,
'Till the live-long Day-light fail.
Thus pass'd the Day, to bed they creep,
By whisp'ring Winds soon lull'd asleep.*

The End of the First Part.

B

PART

PART the SECOND.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding Joys,
The Brood of Folly, without Father bred;
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed Mind with all your Toys!
O! let my Lamp, at midnight Hour,
Be seen in some high lonely Tow'r,
Where I may oft' outwatch the *Bear*
With thrice-great *Hermes*, or unsphere
The Spirit of *Plato*, to unfold
What Worlds, or what vast Regions hold
Th' immortal Mind, that hath forfook
Her Mansion in this fleshly Nook.

A I R.

*But O! sad Virgin, that thy Power;
Might raise Musæus from his Bower;
Or bid the Soul of Orpheus sing
Such Notes, as, warbled to the String,
Drew Iron Tears down Pluto's Check,
And made Hell grant what Love did seek.*

REC I-

[II]

R E C I T A T I V E.

Thus, *Night*, oft' see me in thy pale Career,
'Till unwelcome Morn appear.

A I R.

L'All. *Populous Cities please me then,
And the busy Hum of Men.*

C H O R U S.

*Populous Cities please us then,
And the busy Hum of Men;
Where Throngs of Knights, and Barons bold,
In Weeds of Peace high Triumphs hold;
With store of Ladies, whose bright Eyes
Rain Influence, and judge the Prize
Of Wit, or Arms, while both contend
To win her Grace, whom all commend.*

A I R.

*There let Hymen oft' appear
In Saff'ron Robe, with Taper clear,
And Pomp, and Feast, and Revelry,
With Masque, and antique Pageantry;
Such Sights as youthful Poets dream
On Summer-Eves, by haunted Stream.*

RECITATIVE, *accompany'd.*

Il Pen. Me, when the Sun begins to fling
His flaring Beams, me, Goddess, bring
To arched Walks of twilight Groves,
And Shadows brown, that *Sylvan* loves :
There, in close Covert, by some Brook,
Where no profaner Eye may look.

A I R.

*Hide me from Day's garish Eye,
While the Bee, with honey'd Thigh,
Which at her flow'ry Work doth sing,
And the Waters murmuring,
With such Concert as they keep
Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep :
And let some strange mysterious Dream
Wave at his Wings, in airy Stream
Of lively Portraiture display'd,
Softly on my Eyelids laid.
Then, as I wake, sweet Musick breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some Spirit to Mortal's Good,
Or th' unseen Genius of the Wood.*

A I R.

L'All. I'll to the well-trod Stage anon,
If Johnson's learned Sock be on ;
Or sweetest Shakespear, Fancy's Child,
Warble his native Wood-notes wild.

A I R.

A I R.

*And ever against eating Cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian Airs :
Sooth me with immortal Verse,
Such as the meeting Soul may pierce
In Notes, with many a winding Bout
Of linked Sweetness long drawn out ;
With wanton Heed, and giddy Cunning,
The melting Voice through Mazes running,
Untwisting all the Chains that tie
The hidden Soul of Harmony.*

A I R.

*These Delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with Thee I mean to live.*

C H O R U S.

*These Delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with Thee we mean to live.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Il Pen. But let my due Feet never fail
To walk the studious Cloyster's Pale ;
And love the high embowed Roof,
With antique Pillar's massy Proof ;
And story'd Windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious Light.

C H O R U S.

[14]

CHORUS.

*There let the pealing Organ blow
To the full-voic'd Choir below,
In Service high, and Anthem clear;*

SOLO.

*And let their Sweetness through mine Ear,
Dissolve me into Extasies,
And bring all Heav'n before mine Eyes.*

A I R.

*These Pleasures Melancholy give,
And I with Thee will choose to live.*

CHORUS.

*These Pleasures Melancholy give,
And we with Thee will choose to live.*

A



A S O N G.

F O R

St. *CECILIA*'s D A Y.

RECITATIVE, *accompany'd.*

FROM Harmony, from heavenly Harmony,
This Universal Frame began.
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring Atoms lay,
And cou'd not heave her Head,
The tuneful Voice was heard from high,
Arise ye more than dead.
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
In order to their Stations leap,
And MUSICK's Power obey.

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

*From Harmony, from heav'nly Harmony,
This Universal Frame began :
From Harmony to Harmony
Through all the Compass of the Notes it ran,
The Diapason closing full in Man.*

A I R 1.

*What Passion cannot MUSICK raise and quell!
When Jubal struck the corded Shell,
His list'ning Brethren stood around
And wond'ring, on their Faces fell
To worship that Celestial Sound.
Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
Within the Hollow of that Shell,
That spoke so sweetly, and so well.
What Passion cannot MUSICK raise and quell!*

A I R 2.

*The TRUMPET's loud Clangor
Excites us to Arms
With shrill Notes of Anger,
And mortal Alarms,
The double, double, double Beat
Of the thund'ring DRUM.
Cries, Hark! the Foes come;
Charge, Charge, 'tis too late to retreat.*

A I R.

A I R 3.

*The soft complaining FLUTE
In dying Notes discovers
The Woes of hopeless Lovers,
Whose Dirge is whisper'd by the warbling LUTE.*

A I R 4.

*Sharp VIOLINS proclaim
Their jealous Pangs, and Desperation,
Fury, frantick Indignation,
Depth of Pains, and height of Passion,
For the fair, disdainful Dame.*

A I R 5.

*But, oh! what Art can teach,
What human Voice can reach
The sacred ORGAN's Praise?
Notes inspiring holy Love,
Notes that wing their heav'nly ways
To join the Choirs above.*

A I R 6.

*Orpheus could lead the Savage Race :
And Trees, unrooted, left their Place ;
Sequacious of the Lyre :*

C

R E-

RECITATIVE, *accompany'd.*

But bright *CECILIA* rais'd the Wonder high'r ;
When to her *ORGAN*, Vocal Breath was giv'n,
An Angel heard, and straight appear'd,
Mistaking Earth for Heav'n.

GRAND CHORUS.

*As from the Pow'r of Sacred Lays
The Spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's Praise
To all the Bless'd above ;
So when the last and dreadful Hour
This crumbling Pageant shall devour,
The TRUMPET shall be heard on high,
The Dead shall live, the Living die,
And MUSICK shall untune the Sky.*

F I N I S.



